

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1942

FOUR PAGES

Staff Subscribes \$43,000 Victory Bonds

Mr. Lewis Thomas To Read Dr. D. E. Smith's Paper At Next Philosoph Society Meet

DR. SMITH NOW AT VERNON, B.C.

Meeting to be Held in Med 158 Next Wednesday Evening At 8:15 p.m.

"Kipling's Ideas on Imperialism" will be the subject presented at the last meeting of the Philosophic Society for this season. The meeting will be held in Med 158 next Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, at 8:15 p.m.

The paper was written by Dr. Douglas Smith, lieutenant in the personnel selection service of the Canadian Army, and formerly lecturer in psychology at this University. This paper

will be read by Mr. Lewis Thomas of the Department of History. Mr. Smith is now stationed at Victoria, B.C.

Dr. Smith has long taken a keen interest in Kipling's works. Kipling's tales of adventure and of army life appealed to him. Mr. Smith has admired the writings of popular authors of adventure stories. It has been said that he prefers pulp magazines to the slick kind.

A graduate from Queen's University, Dr. Smith took post-graduate work at both Chicago and Harvard. He received his Ph.D. from the latter institution. Dr. Smith joined the faculty of this University in 1937.

Mr. R. L. Clarke and Mr. R. W. Brookes-Avey are speakers.

A regular meeting of the Mathematics Club was held on Tuesday, Feb. 10. Mr. R. W. Brookes-Avey and Mr. R. L. Clarke addressed the club on the subject of "Map Projections." Mr. Brookes-Avey opened the discussion by pointing out the difficulties involved in map projection. He elaborated on these as he went on to speak of the various types of projections used, such as the cylindrical equal-area projection, Mercator's, stereographic, gnomonic, Bonne's, conical and polyconic projection.

The second speaker, Mr. Clarke, outlined the details of projection of the two most common projections, Mercator's and conic. He pointed out the uses, advantages and disadvantages of these systems, and briefly spoke of their uses in navigation.

Preceding the main paper, the election of officers for the 1942-43 session was held, and the following will guide the club's activities next year: President, Reginald Jacka; sec.-treas., Robert Brookes-Avey; ast. sec.-treas., Mary Bass; hostess, Elsie Tanner; executive member, Jim Flynn.

Nurses Meet In St. Steve's

The fifth meeting of the B.Sc. Nurses' Club was held in St. Stephen's living room on Thursday, Feb. 12th.

Miss Ruth McLure, the president, was in the chair. It was decided that two nurses would participate in the archery contest on February 26th. Plans were made for a banquet in the King Edward Hotel on March 12th. The first year members will be responsible for the entertainment.

The entertainment of the evening was the reading of "The White Cliffs of Dover" by the third year members. Afterwards, cookies and apples were served.

Former Student Now Overseas

PO. Jack Millar, class '41, and a graduate in Theology, has now arrived overseas. Jack was a popular figure on the campus for the last two years. He was quite active in sports, captained the Senior rugby team last year, and was a member of the Big Block Club.

Jack enlisted soon after graduation and trained in various centres. He was seen around the campus several times in uniform before receiving his wings. He obtained his commission and wings at Dauphin, Manitoba.

Another recent graduate of this University who joined the R.C.A.F. is PO. R. J. Digney. PO. Digney won a prize in chemistry. He graduated as a chemical engineer. He worked at Flin Flon before enlisting. He received a bracelet upon graduation, obtaining his commission at the same time. He is now at No. 2 Air Observers School in Edmonton as an instructor.

NOTICE

The presidents and managers of various clubs coming under the jurisdiction of Men's Athletic Board should, before the 1st of March, turn in a list of athletic managers, coaches, etc., who have met with awards requirements according to Section XI of the Men's Athletic Association.

Signed,
JACK JORGENS,
Sec.-Treas., M.A.B.

Dramatic Leads



Evelyn Johnston and Veronica Davies, two versatile young ladies taking the feminine roles, "Candida" and "Frossy" respectively, in the Dramatic Society's Spring Play production, "Candida," to be produced Thursday and Friday, March 5th and 6th.

Alberta Loses Both Games to Huskies; Huskiettes Smother Varsity Girls to Win Trophy

Saskatchewan's Huskies rode roughshod over the Golden Bears in a two-game series played here last Friday and Saturday, and trampled into the dust for another year all Alberta's hopes of attaining victory in a Rigby Trophy series. Both games were hard fought, bitter battles, rough from start to finish, and with no quarter given by either side. The issue was always in the balance, but with a fatalistic twist, the Hub City hoopsters gained the winning points with seconds to go.

Alberta's shooting was unimproved in the second quarter, but their defensive play was getting results. All players were covering well. Neither team seemed able to build up a lead, basket was scored for basket, and players fought to the floor for possession of the ball. Towards the close of the quarter the Bears forged into the lead, and it almost seemed as if they might be able to turn the trick. The half closed with U. of A. up 21-17.

The superior accuracy of the Saskatchewan hoopsters made up the slight deficiency in score, and served to place the Green and White in front in the third quarter.

The wearing pace told heavily for the Bears in the last quarter. Their defensive play slipped greatly, and the Huskies were able to get shot after shot away, but these, however, generally missed the mark, and as a result the score remained close. Throughout most of the quarter the Bears were down a mere two points, but no sooner would a score even the count than the Huskies would draw another field goal, and the run continued. Alberta gained a point and halved the deficit, but with a few seconds to go Saskatchewan evened. Fighting almost like fiends, Bears played desperately, but were still three points down when the final whistle blew, and when under 33-30.

Probert's fast basket just before the final whistle downed any Alberta hope of tying, or even winning, one game of the series. It was a heartbreaker, losing 41-39, for the boys were really on the beam, often appearing to have the Huskies baffled. Although field shooting was quite even, the accuracy on free throws was in favor of the Huskies.

The game was a thriller from the very beginning. Each team started off at a terrific clip, which did not lag once. Short, snappy passes by the Bears featured their play, while the Huskies reverted to close checking. Taylor's fine defensive job brought favorable comments from the crowd.

To noticeable were the penalties. Fifty-five is quite a lot, but they were necessary. Much of the fouling was deliberate. As I was primarily interested in Alberta, I saw more of it by the Bears than by the Huskies. It was apparent in the first game that fair play was not going to be the order of the day, and the referees found it necessary to crack down hard to prevent a free-for-all. Patching, Sheekster and Elefthery were banished on penalties.

Alberta—Anderson 2, Switzer 4, Kyle, Elefthery 10, Larson 4, Sheekter 13, Taylor 2, Dumont 2, Patching 2, Golden. Total 39. Fouls 27.

Saskatchewan—Fitzgerald 4, Ebels 3, Alexander 3, Probert 3, Green, Kendrv 3, Hilliard 2, Scott 10, Winterton 4, Smith-Jones 4, Pinder 6. Total 1. Fouls 28.

Referees—Ed Tomick and Tom McClocklin. Timekeeper: Cec Wallace. Scorer: Clark Hollingsworth.

Watch the bulletin boards for future notices.

Gateway Goes To The Senior

(With apologies to Life)
The social highlight of the "we wish we knew what it was" season flickered to a dim, the night of Thursday, Jan. 19, 1941. This highly lauded and much looked forward to event dazzled the elite of the social set, but to the bourgeoisie, rabble, proletariat, or what have you, it was a complete blackout. Scene of the riotous revel (well, it could have been) was the dining room of the Corona Hotel, the management of which has yet to see a crowd to equal the ones which swept through the doors that eve.

Your Gateway correspondent wandered in early to avoid the expected onrush, and to cover the story from a new angle—need we specify? The dining room was a sea of faces, and we felt no more alone than the Lone Ranger. Conversation was deafening, and the individual echo sound effects were a splendid indication that the executive had spent time and energy on securing a novel twist to the whole affair.

The dinner was in itself (all by itself, too) a decided treat. Said

scribe failed to locate his table somewhere in the labyrinth, but while still the seniors dined, there was hope. Hooking a delicate drumstick here and winging a little necking there—well, anyway, the gravy, so they say, was good.

While in search of familiar faces

we stumbled over a gay crowd desper-

ately trying to hide the fact that it was the only crowd there. The Commerce had turned out en masse "and done itself noble." It was an inspiring moment—twelve people, we counted them—and all of them at the Senior!

Dancing to the tune of Cee Cameron and his boys helped to liven up the lull. Our photographer, unfortunately, was unable to crash the party (defense regulations), but call

The Gateway to get individual pictures (descriptive) of all glamour girls and glamour boys present. Socialite Blackstock made a sensational entrance and caused many a deb's heart to flutter. Seen with a lovely lady was Playboy Pine, apparently enjoying the evening immensely. Other prominent members of Cafe Society present were: Roger Flumerfelt and Marian Dunk, Ron Goodison and Ruth McCaig, Bill Martin and June McCaig. There weren't many more.

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Arts Beat Meds; Ags Take Dents

Interfac basketball went through the playoff stage Monday night when the Arts eliminated the Meds by a score of 26-12. Fletcher, who usually scored so high in previous games, was rendered ineffective by close checking. So close was the Arts' men's checking that only two Med players scored, Fletcher and Reikie. Scores, however, are not the value of a player. Metcalfe and McBeth excelled on defense of the Meds, while Harries and Wendt were clicking for the Arts. The game was clean and orderly, the deciding factor being the accuracy and number of shots the Arts boys were able to get away.

The last game was a disappointment, chiefly because of the un-sportsmanship attitude shown by the mainstays of the Dent team. The Dents this year have provided the two high scorers in the league. Warshawski and Nikiforuk. Warshawski has been outstanding, once getting 39 out of 59 points scored, which, I believe, is near a record. The Arts realized that to stop the Dents these two men had to be watched. Nikiforuk, who watched Warshawski, did a good job, but the checking was too rough. This produced a tendency to foul. It was absolutely necessary for Gerry Larue to call the referee closely, and I support every decision he made that night in an effort to keep the game up to the same high standard of basketball shown this year. There is nothing to be gained in mentioning the names of those who participated in an outburst of temper, only to say it was childish and unfortunate.

A good crowd was on hand to see these games. On Monday, at 7:30 a sudden death game will be played for the championship. It will be a pleasant hour spent watching this encounter, and as it is the last game of the year we can afford to turn out.

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The league winds up its schedule

with a double-header on Monday

night, with Engineers and Ag-Com-

Law still battling for the third and

last playoff spot. Arts will play

Engineers at 7:15, with M-P-D meet-

ing Ag-Com-Law at 9:00.

Lineups:

Arts—Ryski, Quigley, Colter, Le-

meaux, Kuryk, Cuthbertson, Brin-

combe, Hurlburt, Pybus, Carr.

M-P-D—Hewko, Mackay, Moreau,

Drouin, Baker, Butler, Dimock,

Fraser, Niddrie, Jones.

Second Game

Dents—Nikiforuk 11, Warshawski

6, Blackmore 3, Dickson, Walkley 2,

Short, Ames. Total 22. Fouls 27.

Arts—Gavin 9, Grant 8, Olson 5,

Christie 6, Hoskins, Nicholls, David-

son, Allan 6, Hill 4. Total 38. Fouls 9.

Official—Gerry Larue.

NOTICE

Persons eligible for an Executive

A Award will please turn in their

application to the Students' Union

Office immediately. Each applica-

tion should contain a complete list

of the offices held by the applicant

during his undergraduate years.

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MANY may have wondered what has become of the Ambulance Fund after the drive of a few weeks ago. The response to this initial appeal was so good that it has not been necessary to make further direct appeals to the student body. However, one more superdime day is planned for the coming week. All undergraduates will be asked to contribute ten cents on entering the University buildings next Thursday morning.

Officially, the sum raised is on the neighborhood of \$2,000. "D" Company of the C.O.T.C. may contribute four days army pay for each man in the company, to the fund. THE AMBULANCE FUND And the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Calgary and the Philharmonic Society are arranging to turn over the proceeds of the Calgary performances of the operetta to the fund. The latter contribution will amount to approximately \$325.

So it looks as though the Ambulance Fund is very near its objective. Next Thursday's drive should guarantee its success. We are certain that the students are willing to co-operate in putting the fund over the top.

Arrangements are being made for the formal presentation of the ambulance to the Armed Forces. A simple ceremony in Convocation is planned for the near future. Brigadier Harvey, District Officer Commanding Military District 13, will receive the gift on behalf of the Canadian Army. In case there might be a misunderstanding, the ambulance will not be at the ceremony.

The rise in the fund from \$1,700 to over \$2,000 has been made possible by contributions from various organizations. Approximately \$150 has been contributed by the faculty; \$25 was given by the Canadian Handicraft Guild; \$185 was given by the fraternities; \$100 by the Wauneta War Workers. Others contributing were the Newman Club, the Law Club, and the various organizations who have recently sponsored dances.

The students have received both encouragement and financial support from the faculty in the Ambulance Fund campaign. At the present the faculty itself is having its own war campaign in conjunction with the Victory Loan drive. Not only do the students thank the faculty for the help given in the Ambulance Fund campaign, but they congratulate them for the evidence of the forthcoming success of the Loan drive. The sale of \$25,000 in bonds to members of the faculty is a matter in which the whole University can take pride. Both campaigns provide evidence that we in the University, students and faculty alike, are willing to contribute something very tangible towards the war effort.

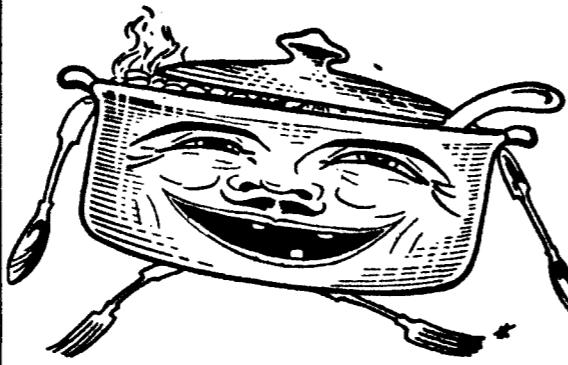
From the Toronto "Varsity"

REPORTS reaching here from Montreal today of certain riots and demonstrations causing some damage and involving violence toward police officers are the first of their kind to appear in the Dominion since the beginning of the war. The reports are somewhat conflicting as to the number of persons and amount of damage involved, but it appears clear that

MONTREAL some university students were among the demonstrators who offered resistance toward police, shouted college yells and joined the shouts of "A Bas la Conscription." The seriousness of the situation is somewhat hard to gauge from the information available, but it seems all too likely that the outbreak is indicative of an extremely strong feeling in the province of Quebec which will get worse before it gets better.

As far as we have been able to learn, the students

CASEROLE



She (coyly)—You bad boy, don't you kiss me again. He—I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin at this party.

The main difference between an Irishman and Senior is that the former hates to leave his family behind, and the latter hates to take his home.

"Why do they call this 'Fiddle Hotel'?"
"Because it's such a vile inn."

Country Gal—Dad's the best shot in the country.
City Slicker—What does that make me?
Country Gal—My fiance.

"I've stood about enough," said the humorist, as they amputated his legs.

"Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?"
"Not that I know of."

"Say, you'll be awfully hungry by morning."

"What makes you think that she is a photographer's daughter?"
"Because her system is to sit in the dark and await developments."

Mistress—You know, I believe that my husband has a love affair with his secretary.
Maid—I don't believe it. You're only trying to make me jealous.

"But what makes you think that your husband is delirious?"
"The way he says 'Cheerio' and blows the top off his medicine."

involved were largely from the University of Montreal, and no students whatever from McGill University were present. In any case, the unfortunate event will undoubtedly cast a shadow on the reputation of university students in general, whose status, it must be remembered, rests upon not too firm a basis, and whose integrity is ever questioned by the general public. The sentiments of the students involved we consider entirely their own business, but their methods of expressing those sentiments—methods which can do nobody any good and which can do many persons, in all parts of the Dominion, considerable harm—are not "just their own business." Under the circumstances, we cannot condemn their action too strongly.

The reputation of university students has, since the outbreak of the war, been built up gradually and steadily. The public in general is beginning to accept the position of university students, to feel that they have a job to do and are conscious of their responsibilities and their privileges. It is a long, hard process to build up such a reputation; it can be broken with one or two incidents such as that of Montreal on Wednesday night.

At the same time, it must be recognized that the event is, however open to censure, a direct indication of a well-known fact that Quebec is opposed to conscription for overseas service. If the crowd which precipitated it is even partially representative of the province as a whole, we can expect similar demonstrations, probably increasing in number, before the plebiscite on conscription goes to the people. It is a fact which might well be noted in some of the more vigorous pro-conscriptionist circles in Ontario, where sections of which have shown themselves to be just about as headstrong as Quebec on the conscription issue.

We are fighting a war which lists high among its purposes the bringing to an end of violence. How small is our chance of succeeding if we cannot prevent violence at home even while we are fighting that war! The conscription issue, historians readily aver, came close to splitting the Dominion during the last war, and met with rather poor success in providing us with manpower. As far as getting men for the armed services overseas is concerned, conscription, as we have pointed out before, is an issue greatly overrated by certain newspapers—not an issue of prime importance. Certainly, if we are to win this war, Canada and all the allied powers must put forth their maximum effort. But a Canada divided by strong feelings over an issue of secondary importance, a Canada in which headstrong people hold stubbornly to opposite views, is not likely to be a Canada putting forth its total effort.

Conscription is not an issue to be taken lightly though there seems very little indication that anyone is taking it lightly. But it is difficult, a hazardous problem. The two violent voices—the one crying "Conscription now!" the other "A Bas la Conscription!" at the tops of their lungs—are not likely to solve it.

The Editors of the Engineers' Edition of The Gateway regret the unfortunate thoughtlessness of an article appearing on the third page of that edition.

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• the coming play

Listening to a play rehearsal in an absolutely empty Convocation Hall is a very different thing from watching a finished production in a crowded house. Imagine the stage cluttered with lecture chairs supposed to represent chesterfield, arm-chair, or footstool, and a box for a table and a grand piano for a cupboard. In stalk the actors, or two of them, John McVea (who is to portray the minister "Morel" in George Bernard Shaw's best comedy "Candida"), and Evelyn Johnston (none other than "Candida" herself). They get started on their lines, and are running along smoothly, and then one or the other takes a hurried peek at the script he is carrying—he is not just quite sure of his lines. It's all right, though, for he doesn't get a chance to say them anyway, because Director Emrys Jones calls a halt to the proceedings, clowns a bit, bawling them out for not "being prepared," waves his hand, and the play proceeds to proceed; from the beginning again! This little scene repeats itself off and on for ten minutes or so, and then they venture forth to the next lines. Again everything runs smoothly, the other actors coming in perfectly (Well, almost) on their cues, and then:

"Now, take that last bit over again. Give it lots of o-o-omph!"

(At this point the Director obligingly hula'd, his clenched fist still raised up in anxious supplication to "whatever gods may be.")

"O.K. Take it from Drake's speech."

His heads wearily dropped to his side, he beamed happily, and sighed:

"A sudden shout made me tremble in my boots."

"Put some life into that play," the Director shrieked. "You're all deader than—" (lacking adjectives).

"As I was saying," he resumed gently, "Prossy is a lovely part. You know, she just doles on her employer, the Rev. Mr. Morell. And she has such definite ideas of right and wrong."

From the stage, words slowly drifted into my unconsciousness.

"Hi'm just a beer teetotaller, not a champagne teetotaller. Hi don't like beer."

Suddenly I stopped short. Another cockney accent fell upon my ears.

"Say, who's that? He's good, isn't he? Does he talk that naturally?"

Between questions, Mr. Director managed a "Drake Shelton." "Yes, he is." "Of course he doesn't."

Then, enthusiastically, he stated:

"This is Drake's first appearance on the stage. He's playing the part of Burgess, a rascally scoundrel and

father of the heroine, Candida. He has to be vulgar and ignorant, but

in spite of that, extremely comical. Before the play is over, Burgess is convinced that everyone in the cast except himself is crazy."

Expressive facial contortions accompanied each one of the Director's explanations.

Then he added: "He's the one that gets inebriated along with Lexy and Prossy."

"What's Lexy like?" I ventured.

A new glow appeared on Mr. Director's countenance.

"Lexy is a precious little curate,

trying to bring his University education to the East End of London by treating Mr. Morell's parishioners to what Shaw calls a set of horribly

corrupt Oxford vowels. Lloyd Gro-

ham, the fellow you see up there

now, is playing the part."

"How about Bill Carr?" I asked.

"He seemed to be doing mighty well a few lines bac."

"Bill is wonderful in the part of Marchbanks, who is a very young, very romantic young poet madly in love with Candida," said Mr. Jones.

"You see, Bill likes the part. He played it beautifully at Banff last summer."

I must admit that I didn't quite get the idea of the whole play, but some of the lines I heard were certainly good, and I do mean good. Not to say anything of the students taking part.

Yes, sir, rehearsals certainly are enlightening. I can hardly wait to see the whole play March 5th or 6th.



IF THE DISCUS THROWER COULD TALK—
"I'm going to throw this thing away and have a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

The pause
that's on the job

Pause...
Go refreshed

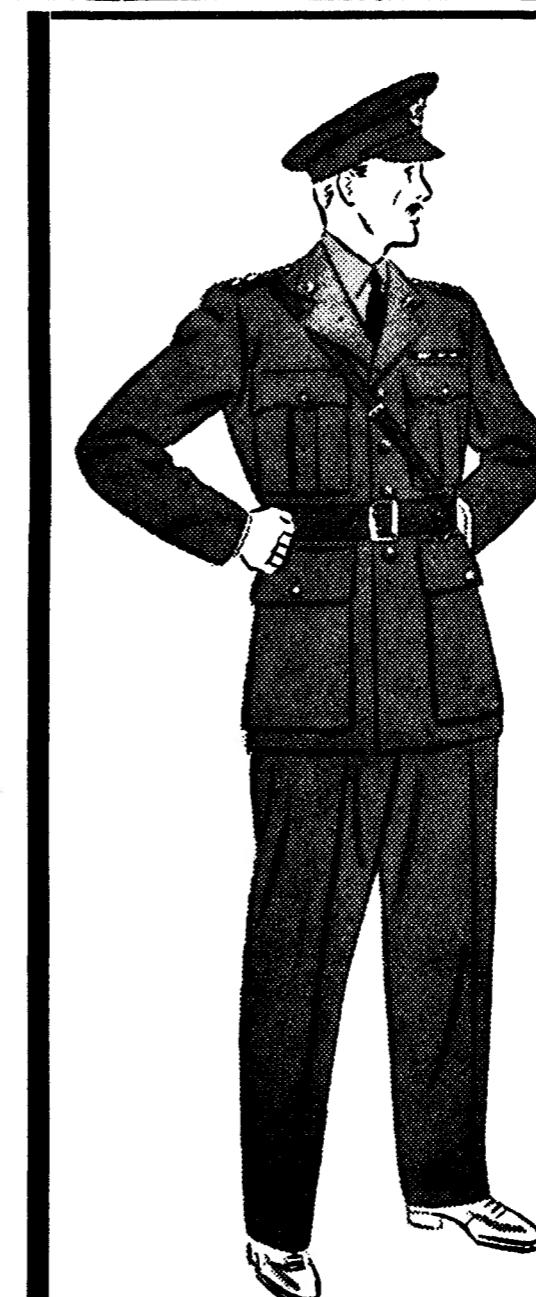
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(Continued from Page 4)

Philosophical Essay Contest To Be Held Next Month

Within the next few weeks students will have the opportunity to write in the Philosophical Society's essay contest. As a guide, we are printing last year's winning essays. Mr. L. H. Nichols, one of the judges, has preceded them with a brief criticism.

After the Executive of the Philosophical Society had eliminated all but eight of the essays in last year's competition, it became my duty to select from these three winners. I found the task difficult, and was impressed by the fine quality of all eight of these essays, written as they were in a period of three hours on subjects not previously announced.

I ranked the essay by Ian (R. L. Gordon) first for the following reasons: The majority of students, and of other persons, will weekly accept a positive statement as true, especially when that statement is couched in high-sounding terms. Ian did not. He examined the state-

ment, and he said, "perhaps," and "under some circumstances," and "with such and such limitations."

He turned the statement inside out; he even says, "Universities are poor trustees." In short, this lad is that enlightened person who in Samuel Johnson's phrase, has "rid his mind of cant." He comes to grips with a real problem, tearing it limb from limb with his own hands. His essay is thus in the truest sense original; and there is a snap and bite and varied timbre in his words, not unlike the activity of a prize-fighter in the ring, that derives directly from this business of getting to grips. The problem is real to him—and it is interesting, a year later, to learn that this young man is no longer "sitting in this university writing about the things men are dying for." In the jargon of these times, he has implemented his decision.

Keith (H. N. MacKinnon) won the second place. He challenges attention at the start; and his whole essay is an attempt to get down to fundamental truth. His mind is crabbed and peculiar, there is a good deal of clashing of the gears, but he makes a heroic attempt to see his problem clearly, to pitch-fork away the rubbish, and to uncover essentials. He thinks in symbols and epigrams, makes nothing easy, takes nothing easy, and pays his reader the compliment of intelligence. He compels us to read slowly, and gives the impression that many of his sentences are the distilled essence of much thinking, or the mangled remains of much compression. One also feels that this essay is, as it were, a stage on the way to further conclusions; and it would be interesting indeed, a year later, to read another essay of his on the same subject and learn how far he has travelled in the interval.

In many respects the essay by Seventh and Seventh (H. N. Wallace) was the most remarkable performance of the whole contest. He is extremely fluent, and his essay is nearly twice as long as either of the others. His grasp of international affairs seems Napoleonic; and any University might well be proud to have a student who in the short space of three hours, without specific preparation, could turn in so fine a summary of world affairs since the French Revolution. In these larger features his essay is workmanlike and admirable, but there are many small faults which suggest that it might have been better shorter. A case could be built up for ranking this essay before either of the others; but I have not so ranked it because I have felt that his inspiration is largely derived, and that his work is what one might expect from a very good student who had just completed a course in Modern History. His style, also, is comparatively colourless; he beats the big drum, he does not endow with his own personality, he works with his mind only; and I cannot help feeling that the best writing is that which is "seasoned with humanity."

L. H. NICHOLS.

• trustees

By Ian
(R. L. Gordon)
Winner of First Prize

"During this twilight in human affairs, the universities are, for the moment, almost the sole trustees of those principles of both education and democracy for which men have struggled for centuries in all democratic countries of the world."

"Think no more, lad, laugh, be jolly. Why should men make haste to die? Empty hands and tongues a-talking. Make the rough road easy walking."

And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky."

Is it the "pate of folly" or the universities which, today, "bear the falling sky"?

There is a persuasive philosophy in these lines. For the moment, we must believe, Housman himself was convinced of their truth. But the strange, cold scholar's own life gives the lie to them. Few, if any, men ever knew Housman. He said himself that in his life he had had but three friends—and they were all in the ground. Yet, though no one knew him, he is known to all the world. He is known, not only by the music of his lyrics, but through his passionately accurate classical scholarship.

Now I have spoken of Housman at the beginning of this essay, not because he was a poet, not because he was a scholar, but because, besides being both of these, he was a member of Cambridge University.

No one pretends that, socially, he was anything but extraordinarily forbidding. It is inconceivable to think of him in the world of business. It should not be inconceivable to think of him in a university. A university should be proud to associate itself with such a man. His presence should be, in some measure, a test of a true university. A university is not a business concern. It is—or at least it should be—a meeting place not only for men and women, but of ideas. It should be a stronghold in which men like Housman could live and think and pass on their learning to younger men—and to the world. It should be brave and strong in the fight against falsity. It should welcome powerful generals who are willing to lead that fight. Actually, Housman was one of these generals.

What would happen if a certain Mr. A. E. Housman were to come to the Classics Department of the University of Alberta? I don't know. I can only guess. We would, I think, shun him. This would be natural. But would also be afraid of him. We would be afraid not only of his tongue, but of his ideas. We would be afraid of what people would think of them. Because they were put forward strongly, because they were new and startling, because, often, they were exaggerated, we would, I am afraid, dislike them. And we would be wrong.

I have taken Housman as only one example. There are many more. We fairly worship Winston Churchill as Prime Minister of Great Britain. We cheer his new ideas, his aggressive force. Yet, if he were Professor W. Churchill of the History Department, we might think he was going to ruin the University.

This timidity is what prevents most universities from being "trustees of education and democracy." We laugh at the men of past ages for their slowness in accepting ideas which, to us, are commonplace. People jeered at Shelley as a fantastic radical. Yet his ideas—old age pensions, universal suffrage, etc.—are a part of our daily lives.

We would very soon lose interest in cars if they could never be improved. We would take no pleasure in painting and music if we were told that all the new ideas had been tried and exhausted. So, too, we lose interest in "those principles of both education and democracy" if

we see no new ideas being considered—no new life blood surging in them.

Perhaps it is true to say that the universities are trustees of these things. Yet they are, for the most part, poor trustees. Jesus gave us the parable of the master who gave to each of three servants a sum of money to be held in trust. When he returned, he called the servants to him and to the man who had made good use of the money, invested it and increased it, he gave the coins which the other two had merely kept hidden away. So it is with universities. If they have been given the guardianship of these precious coins, education and democracy, they must invest them and use them so that when the "twilight of human affairs" brightens to a new dawn, these ideas will be there. But they will be bigger and brighter than they were before. They will be enhanced by new knowledge and new light.

Perhaps this is picturesque idealism. In the world today, ideas have flown out of the window and picturesqueness is a thing for fairy books. As actors will act better in a good play, however, even though they still fall short of perfection, so if we choose an ideal play for the statesmen of the world to act in, we shall have a better performance than if we chose a farce. I remember a man speaking to us at school. He ended his fiery little speech with these words, "Hitch your wagon to a star—and to Hell with everything else!"

For whom are the universities holding these "coins" in trust? To whom are they to hand them back when the time comes?

There are men in England, in Greece, in Albania, and in Africa who are fighting today. As I sit in this University, writing this essay, there are men dying for the very things I am writing about. There are sailors in destroyers in the Asiatic and the North Sea. There are airmen in the air over Germany. There are soldiers in the mountains of Ethiopia. These are the men we are responsible to. These are the men to whom we must answer.

Perhaps this seems melodramatic. The British pilot does not think of Democracy as being filed away in the Registrar's office of the University of Alberta. Yet we have a responsibility to that pilot, nevertheless.

When this war is over, we must have something to offer him. We must be able to show that we have not been idle. We must be able to say to him: "While you have been ridding the world of the old barbarism, we have been protecting and improving and strengthening those principles for which you have fought."

While these men are being brave, we must not be timid. There is no better place for the "principles of education and democracy" to be harbored than in the universities of the world. But trustees of these ideals need more than a glib tongue and a set of stock phrases.

We must not be afraid of new ideas. We must not be afraid of new men. We must not be afraid of hard work. Ten, too, we must not be afraid of old ideas and experience. Like Scrooge, we must "live in the past, the present, and the future." The spirits of all three must "strive" within us.

When Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister of Britain's war cabinet, he told the House of Commons: "I have nothing to offer you but blood and tears and toil and sweat." The members of the House rose to their feet and cheered.

If the universities, and the men in the universities, are prepared to offer their blood and tears and toil and sweat, they will prove themselves worthy of the position of "sole trustees of those principles of both education and democracy for which men have struggled for centuries—and for which they are struggling today.

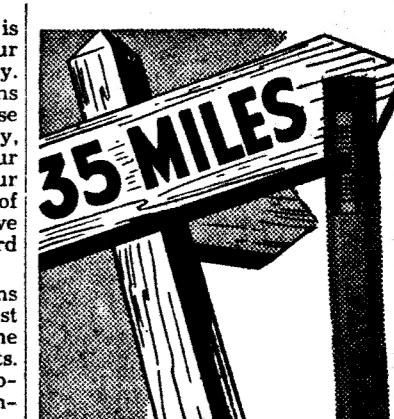
time. The leisure that the common man was to employ in education came from an extension of man's productivity. The Industrial Revolution created much new wealth, and however badly this was distributed, it nevertheless increased the wealth and leisure of all. There were vast upheavals in many countries. France, England, the United States that was to be, Italy, and Germany all felt the stirrings of ideas; and where there were wise leaders, this plastic impulse in the nature of peoples was molded into a form of self-government. Thus, in the short space of four or five hundred years, the idea grew up in these several countries that co-operation was not a mere sentiment, but an economic and spiritual necessity.

There has been, at intervals, opposition to the democratic ideal. At the present time several atavistic vestiges of our barbaric past have risen into prominence. We are in the process of cleaning up these anachronisms in this Second World War.

There is, in this war, that which may cause alarm. Numerous things may affect, and are affecting, our way of living. We have seen fit to dispense, temporarily, with some of our democratic machinery. It may be that some unscrupulous person, or band of persons, may seize unlawfully the power that belongs to the people alone. There are also minor dissatisfactions with financial matters. It ranks many to see manufacturers, contractors, business men, and the like, getting richer out of the profits derived directly from the war. Among us there are also those to whom the epithet "shirker" applies. It is feared that a constant drain on our wealth, our man power, our nerves may leave us and our allies in a neurotic condition. This can occur, but we have more cause to be optimistic than to be pessimistic. For our men are going to fight, with carelessness, daring, and expression as is our wont, for our freedom and safety. This is known to all. Our soldiers will come back victorious with re-affirmed ideals of decency and courage. We are, all of us, fortunate, for every last person may engage, efficaciously, in this struggle. This is heartening. We prize our democracy, and we are all going to fight for it. Every man, woman, and child has a personal stake in the fight; we will not "flag nor fail." And when victory comes, as come it will, the government will be by the people. There shall be democracy after the war.

The post-war problems of democracy may be separated into two categories—Foreign and Domestic. Our first problem will be to restore health to millions of our former adversaries. In all those countries which have been opposed to democracy or are under the control of these foes, there has been a shortage of food and of medicine. As a consequence, millions of people are semi-starved and diseased. To restore these to normality will require the exertion of tremendous controlled effort. We shall even have to fight widespread epidemics. But the world grows enough food for all, and we can produce sufficient medical supplies. The immensity of the effort is unquestioned; but the desperate need cannot be questioned either. It is impossible to detail the procedure. Our guides must be Faith and Love; with these two and our own knowledge and skill the job may be done. The most urgent need, though, and it is absolutely essential, is to restore self-respect to all peoples. Our control of policies and movements must be firm, yet delicate. Our role must be that of a saviour, or our fight is for nothing. The way must be roughly this: first we must deal with responsible men who are capable, not with those who are at present in power. And these men must have the faith and respect of their peoples. They exist, and we shall work together. Every nation must be a unit with free speech, universal education, and a strong, prolonged opportunity for self-government. And we must not interfere too much.

When we shall have won, and peace is declared, our role must be that of an example. By extending the eager hand of friendship and by visibly demonstrating that our way of life is better, we shall have done our duty. Again Faith and Love

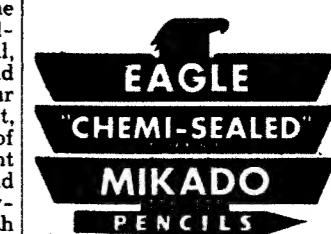


MILEAGE!

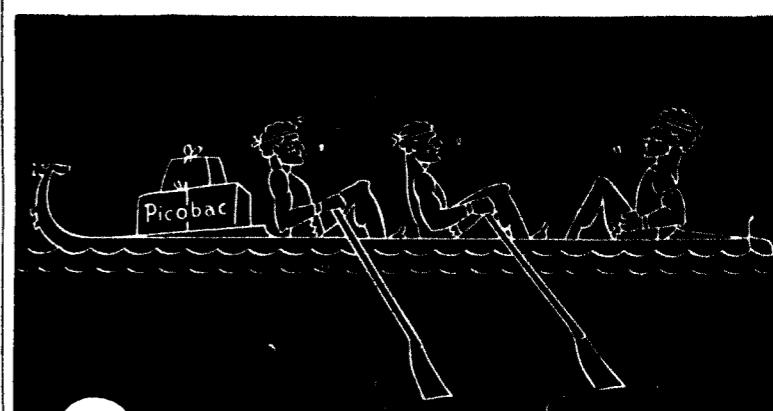
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MADE IN CANADA



Continued on Page 4



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Write-ups are needed immediately from the following:

Varsity Players, Philharmonic, Wauneita Society, Constitutional Enforcement Committee, Provincial News Dept., Gateway, E.S.S., Dent Club, House Ec. Club, Law Club, S.C.M., Med Club, Mining and Geological Society, Newman Club, and Pharmacy Club.

We Can Still Use a Few Snaps

Year Book Fees may be deposited with the Cashier during the next two weeks
—deadline Saturday, March 7.

democracy after the war

By Seventh and Seventh
(H. N. Wallace)

Winner of Third Prize

Very far from calling this year which we have just passed through a "twilight in human affairs," the historians of the future will stand up and rejoice that things happened as they did. For Democracy, little though the democratic peoples realize it, has made bigger steps forward in the last twelve months than in the last generation. It has crossed a great hurdle at which it formerly balked, a hurdle indeed which it has been balking away from for a century and a half. It is my purpose here to show what the hurdle is, how it was overcome and is being overcome. Having done that,

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though he proclaimed himself radically democratic, is really a democrat and a dictator at heart.

There remains Great Britain. Has the cycle progressed through the years in that island of the North Sea? The answer is, No; but the answer is No only because England wasn't a democracy; not even in her most idealistic moments did she ever proclaim herself to be one. Dr. Manion called her "the trust" for we know and realize that whereas France got her Democracy from the philosophers and thinkers, whereas logic and reason were their guiding lights towards Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, whereas they were sure of the dignity and the worth of the human soul because they had thought these things out rationally, whereas France arrived thus, America came to the same destination by another path. She was democratic because Democracy was inevitable in the wilderness. By physical hardship she saw that one man should not possess privileges while others go needy. For what did privilege avail a man when he came up against the elements? His own worth was the criterion then, not the artificial stamp of approval which civilization had given him or withheld from him. To sum up, the Americans were sure of the same fundamental things as the French, yet they got their assurance a different way. Lincoln and Huckleberry Finn were expressions of their method of political thinking.

Yet the very same cycle went on in America as in France during the Revolution. Eternal Truth was Eternally Truth, and you couldn't have Democracy without the consequent drift towards Dictatorship. That was the theme which ran through the whole American story. In the days of Washington, that man of character and stern self-control, the United States moved forward because she was not yet self-indulgent. When Jefferson came, there was more Democracy, but still there was self-control. When Andrew Jackson was elected, however, it became apparent which way the tide was setting. John Quincy Adams, his opponent, wanted to open the new lands of the West with restraint, with foresight, and with a humane realization that the young nation on the Atlantic seaboard had behind it a vast continent whose richness lay as yet all undiscovered, but whose richness was indisputable for all that. Adams knew that the United States was like a millionaire's son going off to University; if he spent his money wisely and well, then it would be a blessing. But if he squandered it, it would be a curse that would wreck his youth. Jackson represented in broad outline that the elements in America which was all for playing poker with the new wealth, so to speak. The profiteer and the capitalist saw nothing but mile upon mile of virgin prairie and forest primeval which, so they felt, could never run out. So it was that the note of no restraint in the American character crept in; so it was that the wonderful courage and healthiness of American frontier life was set off by a lawlessness and brutality that were frankly de-civilizing. There was Huckleberry Finn on his raft, preaching Democracy to all the world by his brotherhood with the Negro Jim. But there was also the shameful treatment of Negroes in the West—far worse than in the aristocratic South. And there was the shameful story of how the American Indians were exterminated also. Yes, the wheels of the gods, were grinding slow, but they were grinding exceeding small. The drift from Democracy capable of taking care of itself to Democracy unable to take care of itself was going on! The drift from Democracy to Dictatorship.

And after 1900, when the last frontier of the United States melted away, the drift accelerated. It became apparent to anyone who could see things as they really were from a perspective which looks at centuries and not at the present alone, that one of three things could happen in the United States. Either the capitalist with his Trusts might become dictator; or else Labour might oppose a capitalistic dictatorship by one of its own. Or else the United States might remain democratic. Ninety-nine per cent. of the American people would have proclaimed that America would remain a Democracy, if you had asked them in the nineteen-twenties. But they would have changed their tone as the thirties progressed. And today we know very well that there is in America a tremendous undercurrent of opinion which holds that Dictatorship is "The Wave of the Future." The American people is no longer "100 per cent. democratic".

Nor has Canada escaped the cycle. The rise of Aberhart in Alberta is a classic example. The people were poverty-stricken, partly because of the geography and weather of the land, partly because of an oppressive capitalist system. Yet, because the people of Alberta had not got the character to do things the hard way, because they were not willing to throw corruption out of public life, therefore they adopted the wrong method of solution. In their lack of political backbone—and remember that hard and merciless though the true path may have seemed, nevertheless it was nothing compared with what is in store for the people now—they voted to solve things by bringing in a man who,

though he proclaimed himself radically democratic, is really a democrat and a dictator at heart.

There remains Great Britain. Has the cycle progressed through the years in that island of the North Sea? The answer is, No; but the answer is No only because England wasn't a democracy; not even in her most idealistic moments did she ever proclaim herself to be one. Dr. Manion called her "the trust" for we know and realize that whereas France got her Democracy from the philosophers and thinkers, whereas logic and reason were their guiding lights towards Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, whereas they were sure of the dignity and the worth of the human soul because they had thought these things out rationally, whereas France arrived thus, America came to the same destination by another path. She was democratic because Democracy was inevitable in the wilderness. By physical hardship she saw that one man should not possess privileges while others go needy. For what did privilege avail a man when he came up against the elements? His own worth was the criterion then, not the artificial stamp of approval which civilization had given him or withheld from him. To sum up, the Americans were sure of the same fundamental things as the French, yet they got their assurance a different way. Lincoln and Huckleberry Finn were expressions of their method of political thinking.

Recent publicity photos of U.B.C. chorus girls displaying their talents serve to remind one that, on this continent, the celebrity of a college of learning is largely dependent upon the pulchritude, amplitude and degree of visibility of the nether limbs and other physical accoutrements of its co-eds.

THE MUMMERY

By JABEZ

From The Ubssey

Recent publicity photos of U.B.C. chorus girls displaying their talents serve to remind one that, on this continent, the celebrity of a college of learning is largely dependent upon the pulchritude, amplitude and degree of visibility of the nether limbs and other physical accoutrements of its co-eds.

This fact has never been fully appreciated at our university.

Academic pursuits have been allowed to overshadow the exploitation of our natural resources, with the result that Life, Look, Pic, Peer, Squint, Gawk and other distinguished magazines have completely ignored us.

The only notable publicity we have had along these lines has been bad. A few years ago, Professor Riddehough, a classical scholar, inadvertently voiced the opinion to his class that U.B.C. co-eds waddled. The furor which this simple statement occasioned overwhelmed everyone, including Professor Riddehough. Down-town papers came out with banner headlines, blaring something like:

"University Professor Scores Co-ed Waddlers; Claims College Women Making Subversive Mass Movement"

and:

"Two - Dimensional Walking Flayed by Greek Scholar."

The papers were peppered with pictures of allegedly waddling women students, whose centre of interest was obviously south of the border. The pictures', that is.

But much of the current apathy toward our co-eds may be traced to the Canadian habit of tardily aping the American fads in everything from stop-lights to step-ins, so that we are presented with the depressing spectacle of our superannuated sirens running around the campus with reproduction in their eye, wearing jackets that are too long and skirts that are too short, which they will doubtless continue to wear some time after the vogue has changed to jackets that are too short and skirts that are too long, and which, in the interim, saddle them with a beam that would make the Rodney blush to the turrets with envy.

There are, however, other approved methods of glamorizing a college. One popular way is for all the men to get together and draw up a document stating that "we, the undersigned 1,500 men of the University of British Columbia, have chosen you, Miss Carmen La Glupp, the Hollywood Pull-over Queen, as the girl whom we should most enjoy being trapped alone in an abandoned mine shaft."

This is sure-fire. Because, eventually, the newspapers will come out with a studio publicity release, in which we have a picture of Miss La Glupp, pullover to the hilt, simpering over her outstanding achievements. Underneath this we read: "Miss Carmen La Glupp (above), now starring in the Monstrous Pictures Corp. epic, 'Three in a Bed,' will soon appear in the stirring sequel, 'The Matress Murder Case.' Miss La Glupp was recently chosen by 15,000 panting men students of the University of British Columbia as the girl with whom they would most enjoy being cast adrift in an open lifeboat."

The difficulty here, of course, is that all the most attractive movie stars have already been snapped up by other larger, more aggressive American colleges (Columbia, Madeleine Carroll; Princeton, Lana Turner, etc.), so that a small, Johnny-come-lately institution like ours would, by process of elimination, be obliged to yearn to be cast up on an island with someone like Edna May Oliver, in the case of the boys, or C. Aubrey Smith, in that of the girls.

Still, a third way to dramatize a college is to have an Extraordinary

corners of the earth came to shock her, then automatically she became her old self. She had slipped, yes, even she who had avoided such a thing for so long, into the Vicious Cycle. Under the Conservative Party, which was fast becoming a party of plutocrats, she had started on the road to Dictatorship. But the peril of Hitler brought her suddenly to her old last-ditch psychology. And, in the last ditch, she found a new faith which will carry forward after the war. Let us look at this new faith.

The new age began on May 10th, 1940, when Neville Chamberlain, the man of weak vocabulary and declining spirit, gave way to Churchill. On that day Lloyd George made probably his last great speech, on that day Amery invoked Cromwell's words, "For God's sake, Go!" on that day the English, perceiving they had something to fight for, turned to belief in miracles to save them. Churchill, in many ways a Victorian, was nevertheless the leader in this new age because all his life he has believed in the power of a Supreme Being to help those who seek help (read his books and speeches!). Faith was the new watchword. And Faith produced Dunkirk and the R.A.F. victories, English Faith gave the Americans faith, and American Faith is now re-echoing with material aid. Meanwhile the bombing of English cities came, and there was repeated in England the frontier conditions of the 19th century America. As had happened to the Americans then, so now the English at last wanted to be Democratic. And they, with their long background of resistance to the obverse side of Democracy, will be able to avoid Dictatorship, while they work towards real Democracy.

At long last the English can understand Lincoln and Huckleberry Finn, at long last they can have a sympathy for the extreme Democratic ideals of the French Revolution. And meanwhile the United States has begun to "look to its spirit". Faith to break the Vicious Cycle has arisen. That will ensure the future of Democracy after the War.

Democracy

(Continued from Page 3)

other governments to abolish all armaments. Where these exist, there will be war; without them, peace will be more likely to grow. There must be an unyielding maintenance, no matter how irritating it may be, of free speech for all. It is a precious article, but not so delicate that we have to use it sparingly or discriminatingly. All should have freedom of expression. Universal education must be maintained and improved. It is not enough that we pack ideas into the heads of youngsters as though they were slabs of food tossed into a refrigerator. These youngsters of ours should have the chance to develop abilities and capacities, should be taught how to think, how to memorize. We need the fresh, eager receptive minds of youth. We cannot let the brow stale and musty. Our land is vast and rich, and we can support many more in comfort. Immigration should be encouraged, especially from Great Britain and France. Immigrants from those countries will find their relatives, many friends, and similar ideas in Canada. We need them for the full development of our country and the full use of its potentialities. The health of our people in many districts is poor, there is still inadequate hospitalization, doctors are not sufficiently numerous and often too expensive, and the whole treatment of the sick is haphazard, while no one thinks of the healthy. To correct these abuses, we must institute some type of state medicine. All these recommendations can only be fully realized when there is State Socialism. Our government (which is government by us) must control all the means of production and distribution. Society must be of paramount importance in everything that concerns it. No longer can we trust individuals and companies to handle monopolies of our natural resources, nor can we permit such vital matters as health and education to be handled by any other than the Dominion Government. Our government must exercise rigid control over the concerns of its citizens. That is to say, each man must be personally aware of his position and responsibilities. Working together in common fellowship, we shall make a better world out of it all.

Meanwhile, the recruiting officer has his quota to fill, by whatsoever means he can conceive; public sentiment bubbles for action. An ever greater need for maintaining our democratic institutions grows. Students ponder as to where in the vast plain they may fit best—and when. The idle tongue wags loosely, without helping the war effort.

The time is ripe for selective service, clearly defined, to set us all at our stride. Give us our job, and watch us grow with it! The only "manly" thing remaining for a government under such circumstances is a clean-cut, crisp pronouncement. Your writer has beaten the gun and enlisted.

Signed,

R. FLUMERFELT,
President, Lit. Association.

We might well choose for our inspiration the words of Jesus Christ, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Professor in the faculty, someone who goes on quiz programs, swallows mice, or rides a bicycle round and round a tank. Dr. Sedgewick, a professor of English at this university, has a radio program, but persists in using his time for sober discussions of literature, and without use of dialect. Until Dr. Sedgewick learns to sprinkle his program with clever stooges, door-knocks and a swing sign-off, like "So long, everybody," and to blend his erudite analysis of poetry with unqualified praise of some crispy, crunchy breakfast food, this university is probably doomed to float in the ooze of academic obscurity.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

grasp of democratic culture, its institutions and ideals at a time when personnel is apparently adequate? If such is not the case, and our personnel inadequate—why the delay in publicizing the fact?

Let us be fair and honest with ourselves that such niggardly discourse is "hollow-chested". Our problem is not just manpower; it is rather "effective manpower". In military language, our need is firepower (i.e., machines and guns and ammunition) with a proper complement of men.

Let us further be solid in our understanding that the students and public alike (they are as one) need a still greater jolt to realize their responsibilities to the present situation. The indications are that Canada is but waiting the spark that will set us all afire with a war effort that shall far exceed any past conception. But the spark is delayed.

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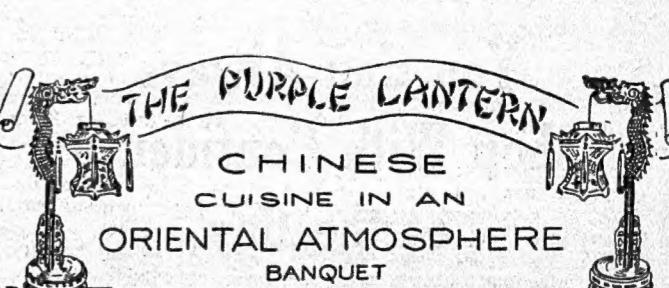
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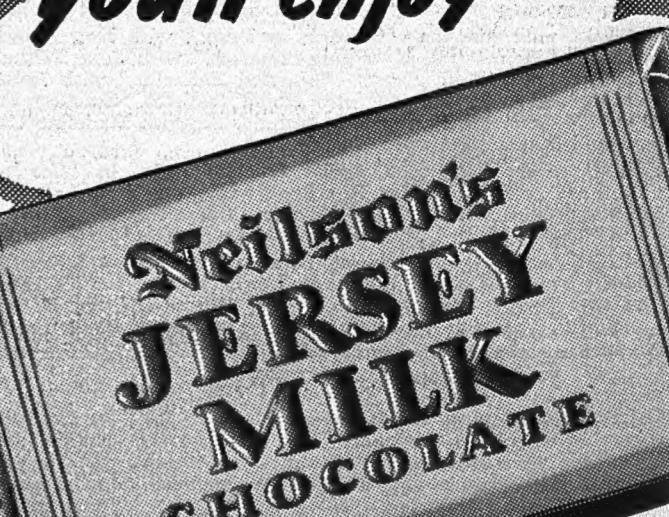
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